

# By the Babylonian Rivers

72

(Psalm 137)

Dm



1 By the Bab - y - lo - nian riv - ers we sat  
2 There our cap - tors in de - ri - sion did re -  
3 How shall we sing the Lord's song in a

A Dm Gm



down in grief and wept, hung our harps up - on the  
quire of us a song; so we sat with star - ing  
strange and bit - ter land; can our voic - es veil the

F Dm Gm Am Dm



wil - low, mourned for Zi - on when we slept.  
vi - sion, and the days were hard and long.  
sor - row? Lord God, hold your ho - ly band.

Babylon is both geographic and symbolic, the city where exiled Jews were taken and any place where people are forced to remain away from what is dear and holy to them. So we sing this paraphrase of Psalm 137 to its doleful minor tune in solidarity with all displaced people.

TEXT: Ewald Bash, 1964  
MUSIC: Latvian melody; harm. Geoffrey Laycock, 1971  
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KAS DZIEDAJA  
8.7.8.7